

A
JOURNEY THROUGH

Old Holland

BY J.J. DE GELDER

Holland-America Line

1913

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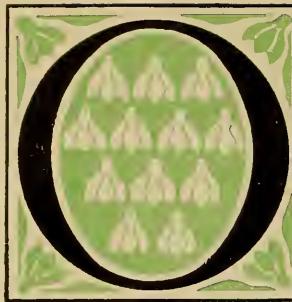


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1913

A JOURNEY
THROUGH OLD
HOLLAND

WRITTEN
BY *J. J. de Gelder*
LITT. DOCTS.
PUBLISHED
BY W. L. & J. BRUSSE
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HOLLAND-AMERICA
LINE



COME CLOSER TO ME & PUSH CLOSE MY LOVERS AND TAKE THE BEST I POSSESS. & & &
& & & & & & & & & & WALT WHITMAN.

NE EVENING IN SPRING—THE SNOWDROPS WERE BLOOMING IN A SNOW-COVERED FIELD—IT HAPPENED THAT I HAD SAT READING FOR A LONG TIME IN OLD PA-

pers, books and ships' logs. A friend of mine had dropped in, and we had fallen into a discussion over a certain Dutchman, named Jan Maertensz., mentioned as one of the first inhabitants of the small settlement of New-Amsterdam — the little colony well-known in the XVIIth century as the alternating and contested possession of two sea-faring nations, and in our time better known as the small beginning from which the large and remarkable metropolis of New-York has grown—whether this Dutchman could have returned to the land of his forefathers, or whether he had possibly ended his days roaming the seas as merchant and skipper. ☒ For the chronicles state with certainty the following facts : When the English for the first time laid hands on the settlement, Jan Maertensz. at once abandoned both an assured living as well as those possessions he had won by dogged labour, and took ship, preferring a difficult existence in freedom to a peaceful one under foreign rulers. In his youth he had thought that his fortune was to be found on or across the sea. The endless rolling sea, where white sails rode in the distance, where mysterious voices spoke and laughed aloud in the wave-romping of the thudding, splashing breakers on the Dutch coast ; — the sea had aroused in him the desire to seek adventure across that wonderful waste. Nothing new, indeed, in his countrymen. Had not they always been the sons of the deep? Says not one of the songs of the Beggars of the Sea, the lays of those poor expelled men who valiantly fought for the freedom of our soil : "Through the wild waves they went, Like lions through the wood." ☒ Has not Holland seen its glory dawn on the seas? Has not the sea brought Holland whatever treasures were discovered and carried home from distant climes, in small ships, amid constant dangers? Have not her sons more than those of any other land understood the sea, and how to find tracks on its great spaces, and how from wood and sail-cloth, with ingenuity and stubborn endeavour, to build up the beautiful works of art which their small ships were, with their high stems and graceful rigging and sails? Were they not, from their youth, cradled in the lap of the waves, as our great XVIIth century poet, VONDEL, once sang? No wonder then that Jan Maertensz. could not resist the call of the sea. "A daring seaman" the old chronicles called him. ☒ Twilight had for an hour been shrouding all visible outlines in my room in grey shadow, when my friend left

GIFT

MRS. S. A. THOMPSON
SEPT. 27. 1940



JAN VAN GOYEN † 1656. VIEW OF DORDRECHT.

MAURITSHUIS.

me. The room lay in silence, the noise of the day and all the vague sounds of labour in fields and roads ceased, and the glimmer of light died away, while I sat and mused in the midst of my folios and papers. I grew unconscious of my surroundings, and in my imagination the events I had been reading of were enacted again. I suddenly realised I was almost asleep, and as in the meantime, it had become late, and all the inmates of the house had retired to rest, I hastily undressed and went to bed.  Tired as my brain was, I fell at once into a deep sleep, undisturbed by any dream-phantasies, till I got an undefined impression of a bird, singing on a swaying branch. After that I saw the sea all around me, yet was I, at the same time, in a room with books, and then I suddenly remembered the twilight with all the white patches of the papers therein. Immediately afterwards I saw a man who kept beckoning to me, and I was conscious of a troubled sensation of wanting to go to him, and not being able to move my leaden feet. And then everything faded, and I remember nothing more till — as I thought — I was awakened by a gleam of light.  I turned my half-closed eyes from right to left, and saw in the gloomy dawn, the rough, weather-beaten trunks of a row of trees, and I recognised the foliage of old elms, where they rocked above me against the cloudy sky. A smell of summer was wafted to my nostrils, bringing a sweet fragrance of freshly-mown



LIEVE VERSCHUIER † 1686. ROTTERDAM AND THE MAAS. BOYMANS-MUSEUM.

meadows and of flowers. My feet lay considerably lower than my head; and when, still only half conscious of where I was, I raised my head with the aid of my hands, I saw how the toes of my shoes were silhouetted like two black stumps against a background of waterside vegetation. By a break in the rushes that grew there, a few long blades waved against the shining whiteness, the reflection of a tremendous cloud-bank, in a dark, motionless sheet of water. I gazed with wide-awake eyes, and watched the cloud, hanging down, as it were, in an infinite depth, its great billowy outlines slowly changing form. Then I looked around. Facing me and about me was all green land. It stretched out to the far horizon, under the heavy, low, grey sky.  Here and there in the hazy distance, a few small church-steeple stood out sharply from some dark patches of trees, and one or two grey or red roofs were set off gently against the green. It was a landscape such as can be seen everywhere in the flat region of western Holland. The moist fields spread a carpet of varying hues, dark and lighter, and very bright green as if flooded with the sun's yellow light, according to the longer or shorter time the mowers' scythes had done



A. v. OSTADE. †1685. A COUNTRY-INN. PRINTROOM, STATE MUS. AMSTERDAM.

their labour. On some parts of this gigantic carpet, the newly-cut hay stood drying in little heaps, set at regular intervals. And in the distance I saw a few men in large hats, raking together the long swathes of light-brown grass that lay as it had fallen under the sweep of the scythe. I drew up my knees and sat with my arms around them. The landscape with its far views fascinated me, and I was not in the least astonished that my shoes had such square toes and were adorned with grey silk rosettes; and that the grey cloth breeches covering my knees, ended just under them with some grey bordering; or that my calves were clad in dark grey silk stockings. There were wrinkles in them above my ankles, and I smoothed them out. Nor was I surprised to see beside me in the grass a black felt hat with a very broad brim — quite the breadth of two hand-palms — and a high crown shaped like a very large flower-pot, around which ran a narrow grey ribbon with a rosette. A light wind rustled through the trees, and broke the silence. The leaves stirred at the ends of the branches. This movement attracted my attention and roused me from my apathy. I sat up and passed my fingers a few times through my hair, which hung down to my shoulders in long, curling locks that had become badly



L. VERSCHUIER. ARRIVAL OF CHARLES II AT ROTTERDAM 1660. STATE MUS.

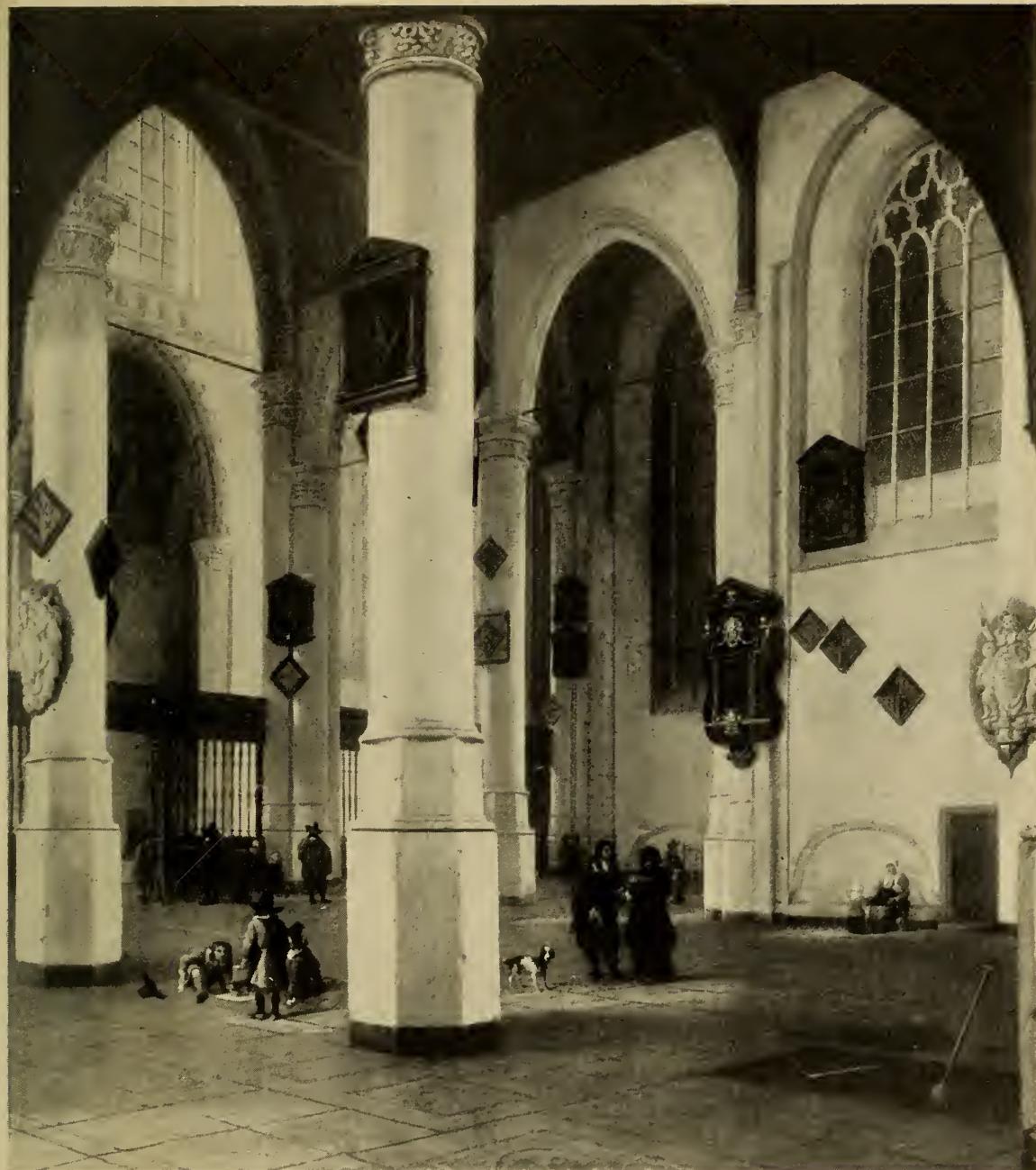
entangled. I put my clothes in some order. The top of my dark grey jacket was undone and I buttoned it up. Next I smoothed out with my hand the flat linen collar, and brushed a few leaves from my sleeve. Then I picked up from the ground my black cloak that, rolled into a bundle, had served as a support for my head, and lifted my hat from out the grass. With arms akimbo, I gazed around in all directions. It was obvious that the slope on which I stood, was the incline of a high dyke, where, in former times, elm-trees had been planted. My glance followed the line of the trees which, on the right, were suddenly interrupted by a bend, while on the left, the trees curved round and continued down in the level. Wishing to see what lay beyond the top of the dyke, I walked with a few quick steps through the grass up the slope, and saw still more trees, their hoary and old stems bearing heavy green foliage — and then a grassy slope and down below a ditch and then again fields. Under the melancholy dark roof of leaves was a not very broad, miry road, furrowed with cart-ruts. Some doves were cooing, and now and then I heard the rustling of birds in the branches; or the noise of the rattling of a hay-cart; or of people calling in the fields. There appeared, round the bend of the avenue a man walking with great strides, his long cloak hanging down from one shoulder, in his hand a stout stick, which he planted forward energetically with every step. He wore his broad-brimmed hat at the back of his head. When he was close by, I saw that his sunburnt features bore traces of trouble and privation. A strong face, with a neck which, though bent, still bore witness to



JAN VAN GOYEN. VIEW OF DELFT. PRINTROOM IN THE STATE MUSEUM.

the former pride with which it had stood on the broad shoulders. A short, grey beard under the somewhat large, clever nose, a broad forehead, arching over a pair of large orbits, and eyes which, under the big, bushy eyebrows, looked at the world with a quiet resignation and not without a certain humor. Such was the man's face. I had stopped, while observing him. On reaching me, he raised his left arm from under the hanging cloak, and tapped with his finger on his hatbrim by way of salutation.  It was as if he expected me, and after some words of greeting, we walked on together. We spoke of indifferent subjects. I believe the weather was the first topic of conversation. In Holland, when one meets a stranger, what should one sooner speak of than the weather? There is nothing the Hollanders take such a constant interest in, as in the state of the weather, farming polder-inhabitants and seafarers as they are.  When we had walked in the avenue for a quarter of an hour, it seemed as if it were going to become lighter. And shortly after streaks of sunshine forced their way through the foliage, throwing some flecks of gold on the cart-ruts and grassy patches. The interest with which I listened to that voice, which seemed to speak to me from out of the distant past, was so intense that for some time I was not able to remove my glance for a moment from the face next to me, or to notice how the wind had risen. The green meadows down below shone in the sunlight, and the little ditch at the foot of the dyke reflected the blue

sky, when now and then the wind ceased for a moment to blow over it. Gradually more life and animation crept over the scene. It was getting warmer. I found my cloak troublesome to carry, but the man beside me seemed to appreciate the sun. His brown skin made me think that he was used to warmer climes. "Are you tired already?" asked he, looking at me with a smile. I said that it was difficult walking along such untrodden paths. He did not understand what I meant. The road seemed easy enough for him, so bravely did he step out in his large, black shoes, which were dull, as if he had been walking since an early hour through dew-laden fields. A little farther on a break occurred in the line of old trees, and when we reached the opening, and emerged from under the leafy roof into the full light, we descended a gently sloping path to the level. It was like coming from the vault of a church into the open air. The path we entered was narrow, and at the sides high overgrown with all kinds of wild plants, from whose midst pollard-willows raised their bundles of slender branches and silvery foliage high aloft. The wind had chased apart the masses of cloud, sending them through the wide blue to other countries. And it romped through the branches, sometimes dashing boisterously with a broad sweep through the rustling lane. ☀ We walked on to where the path ended — where stood a big white post, as if waiting for our arrival. "If the ferry-man can only hear us," said my companion, "the wind is in our direction." We came to a broad river, splashing against the banks sparsely overgrown with rushes. Towards the west, on the left, the banks grew farther and farther apart, and opened into a large sheet of water running on in glistening lines under the sun-glare. In front of us, on the other side, stood on the bank a ferry-house. It was old and weather-beaten. Under a dilapidated thatched roof, near some ashtrees, it lay drowsing away the afternoon, and neither the large cross-barred window, nor any of the smaller ones with their heavy woodwork and deep-lying panes, showed any sign of life. Nor was there any to be seen in the open half of the door, likewise set between heavy posts, under a penthouse roof. ☀ The silent fellow beside me watched for some movement, and seeing none, violently rang the bell dangling on the post. A man appeared at the door opening, and made a sign that he had seen us. He came outside and descended a few steps to the water, where lay a small boat, which he presently rowed through the dancing waves with long strokes of his oars. It came floating quickly to the side where we stood, and we left the bank. In the middle of the river, unfolding itself before my eyes, appeared the view of a town, before which moved small ships with bellying sails, and the gates and houses of which could be quite easily distinguished. And when a large church-roof and a heavy square tower, rearing themselves above the multitude of red roofs, became visible, I recognised DORDRECHT. In the meantime the ferry-house had been completely shaken from its doze by the arrival of a couple of carts. They both had high back-wheels and smaller front



H. VAN VLIET † 1675. DELFT; INTERIOR OF THE "Oude Kerk". MAURITSHUIS.

ones, and sloped up high towards the rear. In one sat some men and women, who were talkative and merry. The other was covered with a large canopy, and what was under it, I could not see. Having landed on the opposite bank,



D. VAN DELEN † 1671. DELFT; TOMB OF WILLIAM I. STATE MUSEUM.

we paid the ferry-man, and continued our way, which led us past the carts now standing still, the horses feeding from oat-troughs which had meanwhile been made ready; while a few men on horseback were enjoying a can of beer. The people in the cart were noisy. They shouted jeeringly at us, but I could not understand them. Evidently they were peasants. Most of the men wore caps; a few hats. Their jackets were of a dark coloured stuff, and distinctly showed signs of exposure to sun and rain. The women's heads were covered with small white caps. The road led us along a new dyke, and it seemed to me that I had seen the place before. While I was walking along, pondering over this, my travelling-companion said, "Now we are on the KINDERDYK." Surprised I looked up, and turned my head in all directions. How completely different from the district as I knew it! Where were the wharves with their gigantic scaffoldings, their large buildings and untidy yards full of lumber? Where was the angry thud and clatter of steam-hammers and all the din and noise with which the labour on thirty important ship-yards building machinery, dredging-machines and ships for all parts of the world now fills the air? A gusty wind tugged at our large hats and made our cloaks flap about. This, and the rustling of the rushes, was the only noise we heard, while



AELBERT CUYP † 1691. CATTLE NEAR A FARM. STATE MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM.

walking quickly on through the wide solitude. ☉ A vague astonishment had overmastered me, as I observed all this. Yet it was as if the words that seemed best adapted to the occasion always came to me. "The road is still long enough for us not to make such haste at the beginning," said I. "Forgive me," said he, "that I have not once asked you if you can keep up with my steps. My feet, which have not trodden this land for so long, are like fiery horses which have been too long in the stable," and walking more slowly, he added, "perhaps you are less accustomed to walking than I." "Where do you hail from?" asked I. "Now I am coming from Zeeland — but I lived most of my life in the Isle of Manhattan. I do not know if you have ever heard of New-Amsterdam: it was there I was a merchant." "When the English came" — "you left there," I interrupted. "As you say, sir. If Stuyvesant had had his way, we should have managed to hold our own — but after that inglorious surrender —" "Jan Maertensz. chose the open sea," said I. He looked at me. "How do you know me?" he said in a somewhat lower tone. "Jan Maertensz.," said I, "your love of freedom is well-known to many in this country, and also that you are a

daring seaman and a good merchant." We kept on talking, now about his adventures, then on what he asked me concerning the country, and sometimes about myself. "How strange that you should know me," he said, "you, whom I have never met before — and that you should be acquainted with so many things that no one would believe were known." The hours seemed to melt into one moment. The sun was setting, the day had settled down to rest. Again I see how, on a quiet evening in a dim roseate light, I was rowed across a broad river, where lay ships with stately stems and masts full of sails and tackling, and all sorts of smaller vessels, a swarm of various highly picturesque shapes on the reflecting water. Oh, wonderful vision of olden times, when ROTTERDAM was called Holland's second merchant city, and the old river Maas glided between green borders! Rotterdam in repose! The water of the Maas not churned and stirred up through a multitude of bustling small steamers and large ones. No gigantic cargo and mailboats, compared with whose high iron sides, the wooden ships of our forefathers looked like children's playthings, and a single one of which can carry cargoes many times larger than all the ships together in which the merchant city then used to import her wares from far-off regions. No shrieking of steam-whistles and sirens. No unbridled hurry and endless toiling of machinery and men. On the quays along the waterside, no rumbling in of heavily-laden drays. No bridges connecting the banks with large iron spans from distance to distance. And on those banks not the large houses, offices, sheds, factories and chimneys; no smoke and no steam. Where in the world can the stranger receive a more overwhelming impression of the greatness of commercial and shipping traffic of a modern merchant city, and where will he sooner learn to realize its beauty, than when taking a stroll along the BOOMPJES in Rotterdam, and watching the activity on the restless water of the wide stream under the Dutch sky? ☀ There was nothing of all this yet. A wonderful, solemn silence reigned everywhere: dark trees at the waterside, above which peeped pointed gable-roofs, the tapering turrets on the gates, and the sails of a few windmills. And then St.-Laurens' tower reared its heavy square silhouette in the quiet evening air, like a strong guardian, far above all its surroundings. Aloft its chimes sounded the flight of time, and the bells of the celebrated founder HEMONY, had for many years let fall their tones like liquid drops of sound on the town. ☀ Just before the closing of the gates, we entered through one of them, and I presently found myself under the secure roof of a tavern, where my companion had brought me. I still remember how before me was borne a lantern dangling on the arm of a serving-man, and throwing dancing lights on white walls and dark portals, and that my room was a high apartment, in which a bed with clean linen, shadowed by dark curtains, awaited me, and then I recollect nothing more. Until I found myself walking with my friend in the morning sun along Rotterdam's streets and canals, completely lined with fine dwellings and



JOHANNES VERMEER † 1675. OLD HOUSES. COLLECTION SIX. AMSTERDAM.



JACOB ESSELENS † 1687. ON THE BEACH. STATE MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM.

warehouses. Jan Maertensz. led me into ST.-LAURENS' CHURCH. We lingered long in its beautiful Gothic interior. Jan Maertensz. walked with his eyes bent on the ground. I paced on at his side, but took no notice of what he did. At the mausoleums of Admirals Witte de With and Kortenaer we stopped, and while observing them attentively, and reading the Latin inscription on the former, and the terse verse on the latter, I noticed that he had walked on, as if looking for something. I hastened to him, just as he stopped with a peculiar, melancholy expression on his rugged face. And he pointed to a square stone let into the floor of the church, marked with letters and figures which I did not understand. "Here it is," said he, muttering to himself. I looked, but said no word. Touched by the seriousness that came over him, I watched him. And when we had both stood silent for a while, there resounded suddenly behind a high pew the shrill sound of children's voices, and disturbed our musings. Jan Maertensz. turned from the spot and walked round behind the choir, closely followed by me, past boys playing with spinning-tops between the grey columns, through a dark doorway into the open. Then he stopped. He had been out that morning, he said, and had made inquiries as to whether his father or mother were still alive — "but all my relations who used to live here, are dead." His mother's tomb was in the church, but he had heard



JAN v. d. HEYDEN † 1712. IN THE COUNTRY. BUCKINGHAM PALACE. LONDON.

that other members of his family resided in Amsterdam, and there was nothing more to keep him here. "So you are going to Amsterdam?" "Yes," said he, "and I want to see Holland once again before I die." "Jan Maertensz," I exclaimed, "let me accompany you. Show me this beautiful country." "From whence come you," he answered, "who speak the Dutch language, and do not know the country, yet are aware that it is beautiful, and are learned of things that I have never heard of?" Without thinking I answered, "Jan Maertensz., I have spent my life with books and seen little more than the walls of my room, and the grounds of my house surrounded by the grassy fields of a remote polder, whose dyke I have seldom crossed. So I know the country only from what I have read and heard. Now I want to see it with my own eyes; let me travel with you." "Friend," said he, "so be it; we shall go together." Then we turned from the grey walls of the church. We passed the HARINGVLIET, where war-ships lay moored, with grim cannon-mouths gaping from wooden portholes. The Admiralty of the Maas had its offices here, and on its wharves were built numbers of battle-ships, necessary for the frequent wars in which the Republic had to defend herself. Here it was de Ruyter's flag-ship The Seven Provinces was launched. Further I saw somewhere in a street, the wooden gable of the house in which ERASMUS was born, and his bronze statue by Hendrik de Keyzer stood where it still stands now. We were shown the stately building used as a meeting-place by those

who were entrusted with the control over the dykes and waters of the district called Schieland — now the home of a beautiful collection of old-Dutch paintings, the MUSEUM BOYMANS. At last we came to where, in a quiet, shady little canal a boat lay alongside. At once I recognised by its shape, the old-Dutch towing-barge. We stepped in, and after a few more men had entered the cosy cabin through the tiny door, a bell was rung, and the barge was poled outside the ramparts by the skipper and his assistant. There a boy was waiting with a horse. A line was thrown to him, which he attached to the harness. Then he hoisted himself on to the horse's back, and sitting with both legs on one side, cried, "hu" (go on). The ancient quadruped plodded forward, and shortly after, whirr, the line shot out of the water; all this to the accompaniment of a great deal of shouting to and fro. Then on we went into Old Holland! It opened out with rich meadows filled with beautiful cattle, for which even now the districts round Rotterdam and Delft are famed. Gliding along the Schie, through the sunny country, huge clouds sailing across the blue sky, and throwing floating streaks of shadow, I sat on a small seat near the skipper at the rudder, in enjoyment of it all. "Holland's welfare," said he, "is shown in these fine beasts." While he constantly kept a watchful eye on the line and the old horse, we fell to chatting. "Why do you not prefer sailing?" said I, "then you could do without that horse." "You might think so," he cried, "if the wind always blew where I wanted it to! No, for the horse-drawn barges the wind is nought. How could we maintain a regular service? This way is quick and sure. The Gentlemen (he meant the government of the country) also do much to make it easy for the barges. Just think how the valuable tow-path was laid down from Gouda to Utrecht along the old Rhine. What a number of bridges had to be built. That is now a great many years ago. And it has cost a lot of money, I can tell you!" "That may be," here interrupted a fellow-passenger, who sat nearest the door in the deck-house, and had heard what the skipper had said, "but if it is to their advantage they compel you to make an unnecessary round-about way, and impede the traffic as much as they can. To give you an example: whoever journeys from Rotterdam to Amsterdam, must go round by Gouda and take his barge through the town. He is also liable to lose a whole day, because the floodgates of the lock move so slowly. And that while there is a good broad lock in another canal just near. In this way the traffic through Holland is impeded, and what for? To enable Gouda to levy its tolls." "Aye, aye," said the skipper, "that is true, I must admit!" "And won't that be put a stop to?" asked I. "What shall I say, sir," said the skipper, "that is a question of old rights of the towns, which are allowed to levy tolls on those canals. As far as we skippers are concerned, they may



QUIRYN BREKELENKAM † 1668. IN A TAILORS WORKSHOP. STATE MUSEUM.



MEINDERT HOBEMA †1709. A FARMYARD. STATE MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM.

be abolished to-morrow." ☐ Thus we kept on talking about different things—till the boat lay along-side the bank at DELFT. Jan Maertensz. left the small deck-house, and I my seat, and we quitted the barge. "Now first to a tavern," said Jan Maertensz. We walked along the harbour-side, and went through the doorway and the passage to the large yard at the back of an old tavern. A woman brought us a pewter plate of herrings, and some large chunks of bread, together with the famous cool Delft beer, which was poured out from a heavy earthenware jug. With a handful of cherries we finished our repast. Soon I was able to gratify my desires, and feast my eyes on the beauties of the old town. We went along, past many a characteristic building spared from the great fire of 1563, and the explosion of the gunpowder-ship in 1654. In that disaster the promising young painter, CAREL FABRITIUS, a pupil of Rembrandt's, lost his life. Michiel Jansz. van MIEREVELT, the painter of so many Princes of Orange and other well-known persons, was already dead, and Fate left alive JOHANNES VERMEER, whose pictures so delight us, his descendants, with their radiant depth of colouring and delicate portrayal of light. ☐ Of the glorious past when Holland suffered and



JAN VAN GOYEN. VIEW OF LEYDEN. MUNICIPAL MUSEUM, LEYDEN.

fought, Delft preserves very interesting memories. Jan Maertensz. expressed a desire to see PRINCE WILLIAM'S tomb. So we went into the New Church by the Groote Markt, where the founder of our independence, called by his people Father of the Fatherland, reposes in a mausoleum, very artistically executed by the sculptor, HENDRIK DE KEYZER, at the expense of the United Provinces. How imposingly it still stands in the sanctity of those Gothic vaults! We passed out of the church and along the Old Delft, where stands the Old Church with its large, beautiful tower. In this church repose Holland's celebrated admirals, BESTEVAER TROMP, and PIET HEIN, of whom the folk-song merrily sings, "he has captured the silver fleet." This happened in 1628, and, indeed, in the twelve million florins in silver that he took from the Spaniards, he procured a good gain for Holland. In a certain part of Rotterdam, formerly the small town of DELFSHAVEN, where he was born stands his statue, in which, however, you will be less interested than in the fact that here, before their departure to America in 1620, the Pilgrim-Fathers held their last divine service on European soil. We saw his monument in the church, and Tromp's monumental tomb, the work of three artists, the architect Jacob van Campen, the sculptors Rombout Verhulst and Willem de Keijzer. We saw



PAULUS POTTER † 1654 MEADOW IN THE MORNING.

STATE MUSEUM.

the beautiful Town-Hall, built by H. de Keijzer, the house of the "Waterschap of Delfland" and many more splendid gabled structures of the 16th and 17th century style of building, both on the Old Delft, with its typical one-arched stone bridges, and along other canals and streets. For instance the old PRINSENHOF, a former convent fitted up as a royal residence, where the Father of the Fatherland lost his life by assassination. You are still shown the place where he fell, invoking God's mercy for the fate of his poor people. Besides this, Delft can boast of the fact that the founder of the international law, HUGO DE GROOT, was born within its walls. His tomb, too, is in one of the Delft churches. ☘ No greater contrast could be conceived nowadays than that existing between toiling Rotterdam resounding with the noise



JAN VICTORS † ABOUT 1676. A GREENGROCER'S SHOP. STATE MUSEUM.

of labour, and the dignified, reposeful little town, with its narrow and shady canals, lying amidst green fields, and seeming to dream only of the past. However, in the days of Jan Maertensz., things were different. Everywhere one saw potteries, where the celebrated Delft blue and polychrome china and earthenware was made. The blue with its deep colour and splendid material, the secret of which is lost; the polychrome with its yellow and brown and green tints among the blue. & When we had sufficiently feasted our eyes on this ancient little town, we walked, while the sun was setting, to the charming village of RYSWYK. We went across a wooden bridge, through dark, shady streets and lanes, and I was too absorbed to notice whether I could see the country-seat which the Stadholder Frederik Hendrik had had built here, and which was to become celebrated in 1697, when after endless ceremonies, the ambassadors who concluded the peace between le Roi Soleil and England,



LUDOLF BAKHUYSEN † 1708. THE "HAARLEMMER MEER". STATE MUSEUM.

Spain and the Low Countries, were housed there. We turned into the road to the Hague — it was an avenue planted with elms and oaks, where many a state-coach drawn by four horses passed us in stately procession; where horsemen in long cloaks and with gaudy ostrich-feathers waving on their large shaggy hats, galoped on fiery steeds; where dignified citizens, male and female, wrapped in cloak and shawl, walked, chatting quietly. In the orange-coloured light of the evening sun, the masses of foliage on the trees stood out darkly against the sky and, in this powder-like gold, that procession moved on, full of grace and soft-coloured splendour. A light dew rose over the fields along the road — the moist atmosphere was fragrant with the scent of the leaves.

¶ After half an hour we entered THE HAGUE across a drawbridge. A town without ramparts! The largest and most beautiful village in the world foreigners called it, being surrounded only by a wide moat. It lay as it were in a wreath of delightful country-seats and mansions. On the morning of the following day — we had spent the night in a good inn — I found Jan Maertensz. in a cheerful, sun-drenched room, at an early hour, talking with the host, while waiting for breakfast. On an oaken table with heavy legs, whose



J. VAN RUISDAEL † 1682. HAARLEM SEEN FROM THE DUNES. MAURITSHUIS.

board was laid with a clean white cloth, stood a goodly quantity of tasty bread, a can of beer, a jug with fresh milk, warm from the cow, a piece of Leyden cheese and golden butter, with everything else wanted with it. The floor was strewn with fine sand, over which our feet scraped. It all looked very clean and cosy: the white walls on which some large and small pictures in dull-polished ebony frames stood out boldly; the small cupboard painted a pale red, with a door in which vertical holes had been sawn out, in order to give fresh air to the bread and eatables kept in it; on top of the cupboard a couple of pewter mugs and a can, shining like silver, beside a little tree with some oranges among its olive-green leaves — it was a pleasure to look around. Everything bore testimony to the old-Dutch cleanliness of the housewife, as well as to her inborn instinct for colour-effects. There was nothing ugly and nothing superfluous — in which, methought, lay the secret of the never flagging charm and of the restfulness prevailing in this simple room. After enjoying our meal, we left, in order to take a stroll through the town. We came to a market-place where stood a large church with a high hexagonal tower. Recognising the big Gothic ST. JACOBS-CHURCH, I wished to go into it at once, but had to wait for Jan Maertensz., who had taken a fancy



G. BERCKHEYDE. HAARLEM. CATHEDRAL AND SHAMBLES. LONDON. NAT. GALL.

to go to the fish-market, where servant-girls, with brass pails on their arms, and also the housewives themselves, were making their purchases. Jan Maertensz. was dividing his attention between the fine fish and the servant-girls, but at last we entered the church, and saw the white, marble tomb of Admiral van Wassenaer of Obdam, the painted windows, and an old pulpit. We did not linger here. The chimes—composed of thirty-eight bells—were rung aloft in the tower, the height of which, we afterwards learnt, was, according to our modern measurement, 325 feet. Our attention was next claimed by the remarkable architecture of the period in which the Dutch style of building originated, exemplified in the beautiful Town-Hall, until my contemplations were disturbed by the appearance of a heavy state-carriage, on which was seated a gorgeously apparelled coachman behind four horses. It was occupied by a gentleman in a full powdered wig, handsomely arrayed in violet velvet; a white lace lappet falling under his ruddy, dignified countenance; his hands sticking out from



JACOB VAN RUISDAEL † 1682. THE DUNES. MUNICIPAL MUSEUM, HAARLEM

white lace ruffles and resting on the gold hilt of a sword between his knees. "Who is that gentleman?" I asked Jan Maertensz. And he told me that, though he was not certain, he believed him to be one of the many diplomats or ambassadors of whom the Hague was always full. For this town, you must understand, was one of the head-quarters of European diplomatists. We then came to the BUITENHOF, in which I observed some houses bearing the coats of arms of the towns of Leyden, Enkhuizen and Alkmaar. These, Jan Maertensz. informed me, were occupied by delegates sent by those towns to the States of Holland. I afterwards noticed other houses set apart in this manner for the occupation of emissaries of other towns. We crossed a green to the battlemented wall built on the Vyver-side. The water of the VYVER (lake) lay like a smiling pale blue field under the blue summer sky, and studded by bright



C. DE DECKER † 1678. THE WEAVER AT HIS LOOM. STATE MUS. AMSTERDAM.

sparks of sunlight, it looked like something very young and frolicsome amidst all those venerable grey houses and towers, silent witnesses to so many happenings. For this is the oldest part of the town, the part where Holland had her seat of government, as she has now. It was here that, in ancient times, the Counts of Holland built their castle, held court and erected a large banqueting-hall, in the midst of the wood. Encircling the grounds on which the lordly castle and the buildings belonging to it stood, a moat was dug. In close proximity to these grounds the Vyver was laid out, and in it I saw an islet where quacking ducks and white swans had their home. Jan Maertensz. told me that the Stadholder resided in the buildings between the Buiten- and Binnenhof, for which reason we could not cross the bridge that gave admittance on this side. So we had to go round along the moat to the Southside, where a narrow bridge and a small gateway led to the only partly paved courtyard



JOB BERCKHEYDE † 1693. HAARLEM, SAINT BAVO CATHEDRAL. STATE MUS.

of the Binnenhof, which, on this side, was planted with a row of trees. There we stood before the celebrated Knights' Hall! Reader, do you know the splendid HALL OF THE KNIGHTS? It is a monument well worth your attention, and not only because the international peace-conference was held there in 1907. The large pointed gable front with its fine rose-window, and the two slender turrets on either side, are magnificent; but such things could be built everywhere. The real beauty of the architecture lies in the roof with its slates glistening as it rears itself in the air. The absence of a single column in the interior will strike your attention immediately on entering the hall; — the spacious, lofty and airy ceiling; all those heavy beams, so ingeniously fitted into one unmovable whole, and supported only by side-walls nearly 5 feet in thickness — that is what calls forth your involuntary admiration. ☺ In our days of iron structures it is not so difficult to span so large a space with a roof unsupported by columns or stays, but in the 13th century



JAN VICTORS † ABOUT 1676. THE PORK BUTCHER. STATE MUS. AMSTERDAM.

conceiving a wooden ceiling like this with a free span of nearly 58 ft. and a height of 60 ft. from wall to coping, over a hall 123 ft. in length — was a bold thought, and executing this, was great. Only to procure the heavy oak, they had to seek far and wide for trees, even journeying over the sea, we are told, as far as Ireland. But when I stood in front of the hall with Jan Maertensz. there was not much left to be seen of the fine building, enclosed as it was on all sides by later additions. I derived but little pleasure from its view, noticing how the whole front, between the two corner-turrets, was hidden by a large high building with a slanting roof, above which nothing was visible but some old brickwork and a small part of the rose-window in the wall. The turrets had quaint 16th century spires, and in one of them was a clock. In company with many other people we entered, and found ourselves beneath the large raftered ceiling of the hall where, against the old dark beams, hung time-worn and bullet-riddled flags — trophies won in the wars of the Republic —



G. v. d. EECKHOUT † 1674. ARTIST SKETCHING. PRINTROOM, AMSTERDAM.

forming a variety of colour. Looking round, I saw that some of the windows beneath these had been blocked up. Along the entire length of the hall wooden stalls had been erected, in which many vendors of books and engravings were exhibiting their wares; while visitors incessantly passed in and out — strangers buying prints with views of the town as mementos; boys looking for coarse one-cent wood-cut prints; young men for old song-books, in fact, anything one wished was to be got here. "Jan Maertensz., " I said, "let us get away from this."  We sallied forth, and left the Binnenhof through the Maurits-gate and across a bridge. Of all those bridges you will now find nothing left, stranger, and the moat surrounding the Binnenhof has, alas! been entirely filled up, although it can still be traced in a small passage separating the Mauritshuis from the houses of the Binnenhof.  On the right, at the corner of the Hofvyver stood a building of stately architecture. The Mauritshuis, I muttered. "Yes," said Jan Maertensz., "this is the house of Johan Maurits of Nassau, at one time governor of the Brazils." It looked very much like



GERRIT BERCKHEYDE † 1698. AMSTERDAM. THE TOWN-HALL. STATE MUS.

the building we know as the home of the renowned collection of paintings originating from that of Prince William V of Orange. Continuing our walk we entered the PLEIN, the former garden of the lordly old castle, and since converted into a green planted with lime-trees, and cut through cross-wise by two Flemish-brick roads. This green was surrounded by a number of large houses, among which were the official town-residences of the States-General representatives from Amsterdam and Rotterdam. These buildings — particularly the former, which is still in a perfect state of preservation — impressed us with their dignified grey stone fronts. Here also stood the house of Constantyn Huygens, the famous secretary of three generations of Princes of Orange. ☉ On the Plein elm-trees grow where limes once flourished, the green is now paved, while the centre space is taken up by the large, bronze statue of Prince William I. ☉ Through the Korte Poten, where were shops, along the banks of the fashionable Heerengracht (now filled up), we reached the Koekamp, a deer park forming the beginning of the famous FOREST. For in olden times The Hague was already celebrated for its forest. When money was badly wanted in 1576, to carry on the war with Spain, the Prince of Orange proposed to have the wood cut down and to sell the timber and the land. And now it became manifest what value the small place set upon its



EM. DE WITTE † 1692. DE RUYTER'S TOMB IN THE NEW CHURCH. STATE MUS.

wood. It paid a large sum of money and actually sacrificed the heavy bells that had rung at the church-festivals — to be melted down into cannon —, to prevent the proposal from being carried into effect.  By this means they retained the wood, covering an area of more than two square miles, with its delightful old trees and fine sheets of water — still constituting one of the chief attractions of the town.  On we proceeded along the Maliebaan and the old waggon-road to Leyden, between avenues of high beeches and brushwood, and came to the summer-residence which Prince Frederik Hendrik had built for his consort at the end of the Wood. Planned by the celebrated Amsterdam architect, Jacob van Campen, it was surrounded by wonderful gardens, laid out in all kinds of geometrical designs ; with clipped hedges, and trees trimmed into different shapes ; summer-houses and all those quaint diversions which afforded our forefathers such delight. Before the completion of the castle, the Prince died, and, in honour of her husband, the Princess had the octagonal ORANGE-HALL with its cupola, lined with pictures. For this pur-



J. BERCKHEYDE. AMSTERDAM. INTERIOR OF THE EXCHANGE. STATE MUS.

pose several Dutch and Flemish artists, among whom Jacob Jordaens, were set to work, the greatest Dutch painters of the period being passed over — they simply preferred the work of the Flemish school, whose grand-master Rubens moreover found an ardent admirer in Frederik Hendrik. ☉ Returning to the town, we entered the alleys of the famous VOORHOUT, shadowed by ubiquitous lime-trees. It included a promenade inside a wooden enclosure, and outside this ran a paved street. In the afternoon and especially after church attendance on Sundays, it was often full of life and movement. Dashing state-carriages would follow one another gracefully round the fenced-in promenade, where the spectators eager to obtain glimpses of the great personages would often jostle each other in their efforts to see them as they performed the "tour à la mode" prescribed by the etiquette of the day. ☉ The tour à la mode, the grand equipages, the powdered wigs — all this has long since vanished — and a fashionable repose prevails under the old lime-trees. Near by you may now see the stately front of the celebrated ROYAL LIBRARY,



J. BERCKHEYDE. "OUDZEIJDS HEERENLOGEMENT". AMSTERDAM. STATE MUS.

which, besides containing more than half a million volumes, can boast of a rare collection of manuscripts, and coins, medals and cameos, and a delightfully large and quiet reading-room. ☒ We continued our way past the Kloosterkerk, along the old Hof, now the ROYAL PALACE, on the Noordeinde, and, crossing a drawbridge, we soon found ourselves outside the town boundaries. The road we now turned into was new, having been constructed not very long ago in 1668, after the designs and on the initiative of the secretary of the Prince of Orange, Constantyn Huygens. This NEW ZEESTRAAT, as the OLD SCHEVENINGEN ROAD was then called, led right across the barren sand of the downs. As a reward for this work, which called forth universal admiration, the States of Holland had granted the town the right to place a turnpike-gate at the beginning of the road. Who does not know that turnpike-gate, still standing at the entrance of that magnificent avenue more than two miles in length? But now no one is required to pay the toll that we handed the gate-keeper on entering, two farthings each for going through and back again. Under the now heavy foliage,



GERRIT BERCKHEYDE. AMSTERDAM. THE "HEERENGRACHT". STATE MUSEUM.

no one will feel the sunshine that shone on Jan Maertensz. and myself between the rows of the then fairly young trees. On one side the road was hedged in by low brushwood, on the other lay the country-seat SORGHVLIET. We could not see the house — but descriptions of it mention ponds, fountains, grottos, gardens, orchards, terraces, plantations and a conservatory — so that it was undoubtedly situated in real pleasure-grounds. This site is now occupied by the PEACE PALACE, a monument of American liberality and love of civilization, in commemoration of a first attempt to substitute well-weighed laws for brute force, by which the international character of The Hague, which it has enjoyed since the days of Prince Frederik Hendrik, becomes of an entirely new significance. SCHEVENINGEN. He who now gazes on the world-famous watering-place with its pier, its sea-walls, its esplanades, and its sands, all thronged with people, can hardly picture it as a mere cluster of cottages — a village by a church in the dunes. Jan Maertensz. and myself threaded our



G. BERCKHEYDE † 1698. AMSTERDAM. THE "NIEUWE KERK". STATE MUSEUM.

way through the straggling place, with its cottages scattered broadcast, and, past the church, and through the loose hot sand burning in the sunshine, reached the shore. The sea lay before us like a blue infinity. Across the lonely stretch of yellow sand, a coach slowly travelled along the line of the white-crested waves, the horses treading heavily in the wet sand. "The sea is beautiful," said I. "Aye, when I was young, and listened to tales of the sea and of all the foreign countries beyond it where riches could be won, I, too, thought it beautiful," said Jan Maertensz. ironically. "But I think the sea beautiful in itself," said I, "for I like to hear it murmur and see its swelling waves...." Jan Maertensz. had left my side. He was talking to a fisherman who had spread out his haul on the sand. This man did not think the sea beautiful — he liked it only for the haul and the profit it brought him, in which opinion most of his contemporaries concurred. The sea as a natural power could awe most of them



JAN VAN DER HEYDEN. THE "WESTERKERK". WALLACE COLL. LONDON.

only by its immense force, and I do not think any one of them ever thought consciously of a likeness between the stormy passions of the human heart and the wild waves, or else he must have been a great poet. In the old pictures of sea-coast life, the effect aimed at was chiefly got from the figures, carts, and ships, and an impression of space.  Some hours later, having returned to the town along the same *Zeestraat*, we strolled into the *PLAATS*, where (even now) stands the *GEVANGENPOORT* (Prison-gate), that gloomy building in which justice was administered. You may praise XVIIth century Holland for whatever you like — it has much that is beautiful and good — but let us pass over the administration of the law, and remember only that nowhere else was it any better. Well, we did not think of going through the gate and across the threshold of the prison — the guard would surely have stopped us. For, stranger of the 20th century honouring this place with your cheerful and worldly presence in order to see the torturing-implements of the law — those implements were still in use. So we directed our steps towards the lime-tree avenues on the *LANGE VYVERBERG*, and saw the buildings of the



REMBRANDT † 1669. SUNSHINE BEFORE A THUNDERSTORM. STATE MUSEUM.

Binnenhof, lying on the other side of the water. I asked Jan Maertensz. what those buildings were used for. "That I shall tell you, friend," he said turning round. And indicating them with his stout stick from right to left he explained, "In the building at the corner near the Buitenhof, the States of Holland have their sittings; beside it stands the Royal Chapel, and next in order to that comes the building in which the States General hold their sessions. Last of all you will see at the farthest end, the Privy Council meeting-house." "Oh look!" I exclaimed, recognising a small octagonal turreted tower near the Mauritshuis. "I do not know what it is used for," said Jan Maertensz. "That," I replied, "was in the days of the Counts, a little summer-retreat commanding a view, across the water, of the castle grounds. As early as the XVth century it was built out from the thick wall at the corner of the castle-moat and the Vyver. This wall ran around the moat and along the banks of the lake, shutting off the whole of the Binnenhof". "You evidently know more about it than I do, sir," said Jan Maertensz. looking at me with an astonished smile. "I read it in my books, Jan Maertensz." "That may be, but I am surprised that you



ANTHONIE VAN BORSSOM † 1677. A BOAT-SLIDE. PRINTROOM AMSTERDAM.

should know so much of such ancient times, yet are not acquainted with things of to-day."  I mused on as if no words had been exchanged between us, and little talkative as my companion was, he did not seem to await any answer of mine to his observation. Arrived at the end of the Lange Vyverberg, we stood before a broad gabled front with a high "stoep" having flights of steps on either side — this was the Nieuwe Doelen of the citizen-musketeers. Doelen the buildings are called where the citizen-soldiers could practise shooting at a Doel (target) of which several put side by side gave the name of Doelen to the whole place. In the large halls of those buildings, then found in most Dutch towns, citizen-soldiers held their festive meetings — at which liberal banquets were given, where their light-hearted laughter resounded from the walls. These walls were covered with large pictures — their own portraits — painted by many of our best artists. At The Hague Jan van Ravesteyn was the principal painter of the citizen-soldiers, and in the building of this Nieuwe Doelen — now the MUNICIPAL MUSEUM — are still kept many of his best canvases. Another building close by, the "Oude Doelen", has, faithful to the tradition of the opulent banquets, in course of time blossomed forth into a fashionable hotel, the "Vieux Doelen". On the road leading to our tavern we saw on the Spui (then a canal) the NIEUWE KERK (New Church) — a fine building, and



THOM. WYCK † 1677. DREDGING-MACHINE ON THE Y. BOYMANS-MUSEUM.

interesting on account of the construction of the roof, resting on the walls only — consequently a church without pillars. Here are the tombs of the eminent statesman JAN DE WIT, and his brother Cornelis, and of the philosopher BARUCH DE SPINOZA, who had spent his last days in the town, on the Paviljoensgracht, where now stands his bronze statue. After securing from the skipper of the Leyden barge a seat in his boat for the following morning, and enjoying our supper, the end of the day soon drew near. "Had we not seen the princely castle in the WESTLAND, south of the town?" asked our host, "every one coming to The Hague went to see it. It was so beautifully situated amidst large gardens and woods — had we not seen in the morning, lying in the Prinsengracht, the little barges with vegetables and fruit with which the peasants came to market?" Jan Maertensz. replied that we could not see everything, and that we had to proceed on our journey the following day. And with this we parted. While sleep was stealing over me, I still vaguely thought of the Westland, and how in that selfsame district, and in a much more energetic manner than formerly, the cultivation of vegetables and fruit was still carried on; and how the memory of Honsholredyk, the country-seat built by Frederik Hendrik, still survived in the name of the little village now renowned in the neighbourhood for its vegetable sales. ☒ Then I slept. Early next morning Jan Maertensz. and I took our seats in the barge to Leyden. The driver merrily trotted past alder-shrubs and pollard-willows; past farms and meadows where black-and-white cattle were grazing; past hayfields where now and then the tall grass, dotted yellow and white with buttercups and



J. STORCK † AFTER 1650. THE CASTLE NYENRODE ON THE VECHT. STATE MUS.

daisies, was waiting for the mowers. In other fields carts laden high with fragrant hay were plying to and fro ; while on some of the farms stood already a large rick built up under a four-posted roof. As far as the beautiful village of Voorburg, we occasionally passed a country-house surrounded by large gardens. At Leidschendam we had to change into another barge — then we again glided on between the two rustling reed-borders. The horse jogged clumsily over small high bridges, and meanwhile we chatted with each other or with some fellow-traveller, extolling the fine day, the summer, the meadows, and the cattle — and thus we came nearer and nearer the town, whose towers and buildings ever and anon became visible at a bend of the Vliet. Shortly after, we passed between market-gardens, and presently entered the town, where our feet could tread the soil of the old fortress, famous for the courage with which, in the Eighty-years' War, commanded by the gallant VAN DER WERFF and VAN DER DOES, it withstood the might of Spain. The enemy retreated and Holland was saved by the courage of the defenders of the fortress as well as by the water. Thus the tide that is for ever lapping the shores of Holland, as if eager to devour it, at this time proved itself a friend in need.



JAN STEEN † 1679. RURAL WEDDING FEAST. STATE MUSEUM AMSTERDAM.

Before the power of the rising waters let in over the land from the Maas, the Spanish host was forced to flee hurriedly. And it was the water, too, that bore the first ships with provisions and helping friends into the famished town. The Vliet is still spanned by the pretty, high stone bridges under which the first vessel entered the town, and a bronze plate is let into the quay-side in memory of this joyful event. Oh, just imagine the suspense those brave men must have endured when looking day after day from their fortress-walls into the flat, grey, inundated country, where from earthen ramparts over a mile away, the grim cannons with their continuous dull booming, seemed to proclaim the destruction of the whole fortress — oh, think of the despair of those poor people cut off from all help, and picture their frantic joy when one day the direction of the wind changed, so that the sluggish waters were raised and forced through the broken dykes far away by the Maas, near Rotterdam — and fancy their joy when an orphan boy dared to go across the swampy ground to an entrenchment (our barge passed close by the spot) and — a pair of sharp eyes had soon discerned that there was no sign of life left — found it deserted! Think of the



ADRIAEN VAN OSTADE. PAINTER IN HIS STUDIO. STATE MUS. AMSTERDAM.

relief they then felt. That daredevil of a boy! That thoroughbred Dutch urchin! What was the young rascal coming back with? A pot? He waved his arm. Look at the emaciated, careworn faces of all those people flocking together — their dull eyes are brightened by a new hope — sure enough, a pot! There he came, there he was, that brave boy. Assailed by questions on all sides. Panting and excited — confused and proud and laughing, "Look, they had run away; there was nobody left; this pot was suspended over a smouldering fire." Honoured stranger, when looking at the Spanish brass pot, now kept in the Municipal Museum, you will know what heart-rending events are associated with it. And what was in it? Well, you yourself may be able to concoct the dish consisting of mashed potatoes, carrots and onions, and a certain kind of meat; if not, you had better come to Leyden on the third of October, where



PIETER DE HOOGH † AFTER 1677. A QUIET AFTERNOON. STATE MUSEUM.

you are sure to get "hutspot" (hodge-podge) for dinner on that memorable day. So many anxious hours endured thus bravely — the whole country breathed more freely when the Spanish troops had beaten a retreat — were rewarded with the establishment of the University. The town was allowed to choose between an exemption from taxes for many years and the founding of a University. And she preferred the latter, considering the source of wisdom as a source of profit. On the 8th of February the UNIVERSITY was solemnly inaugurated. ☙ Passing along the Breestraat and the TOWN-HALL — with its interesting front added in 1595—98 to a 14th century building by LIEVEN DE KEY in the style of the period — we reached a market-place by a canal, the New Rhine, which was crowded with people from the town and the neighbourhood. However, we did not stop here long — the chimes from the beautiful

Town-Hall tower ringing out an old song reminded us of fleeting Time. We then progressed on our walk. Relentless Time has spared in this town many of the beautiful, ancient things for our admiring eyes and yours. The bright sunshine of the radiant summer clad the old town in a youthful variegation of colours, so fascinating that we hardly looked at the BURCHT, the circular wall of a very old castle, or at ST. PANCRAS and ST. PETER's churches and saw none of the pictures of the celebrated Leyden masters, LUCAS VAN LEYDEN and Cornelis Engebrechtsz., now in the Municipal Museum, nor alas of the others, REMBRANDT, Dou or STEEN. A one-storey building having a gateway in the centre with the date 1683 and an inscription in stone over the wicket-door caught my attention owing to its new masonry. "Well," said I, reading the name over the entrance, "this is the JEAN PESYNHOFJE." It was in this place that a minister of the emigrant English Puritans used to live, and from here the Pilgrim Fathers undertook their journey to America; nowadays a bronze plate on the church-wall close by, with a long inscription and a picture of the ship the Mayflower—reminds you of the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers and their minister. The wicket-gate was opened and I just caught a glimpse of a cosy courtyard, round which the houses were built that were given to old and poor people to live in, their board being also included. In nearly all Dutch towns you may find these charitable institutions of the fathers, with their picturesque, cosy little courtyards and house fronts. A minute's walk brought us to the RAPENBURG, which is even now the most beautiful of the canals of the town. The University; the Library of the University; the Thysius-library and many other stately buildings stood in proud array behind the pleasant lime-trees in sweet smelling bloom, then planted on both sides of the water, and outlining in green the sinuous curves of the canal. In the afternoon while we were strolling past the Clothworkers' Hall, built in 1640, still unchanged in appearance, but now doing duty as a MUNICIPAL MUSEUM—it happened that Jan Maertensz. recognised an old friend. I am sorry I cannot tell you all this in detail. Well, we walked on together chatting cheerfully, and as we had arranged to go to Haarlem that selfsame day and the old gentleman intended to sail across the lake in his yacht to that town—the unexpected and welcome end of all this was, that some hours later I found myself surrounded by water, so large a sheet of water that I could see little more of the inhabited world than a narrow strip framing the silvery lake. "This then is the Haarlemmermeer," said I to myself. Aeolus puffed out his cheeks and blew our vessel along with ever increasing force—which Jan Maertensz. appeared not to notice—but not liking it so rough, I inquired whether a storm was impending. My host reassured me. "Although," he said, "it can be very violent here at times on the Haarlemmermeer. The lake is not only a great land-ravishing wolf, that has devoured lots of farms, entire villages even—but has also claimed a heavy toll of human lives in its turbulent waters." The vessel heeled over under a sudden



P. DE HOOGH. VESTIBULE OF A STATELY HOUSE. STATE MUS. AMSTERDAM.

squall, so that I had some difficulty in keeping myself from gliding off my seat. "No," he assured me with a calm smile, "we are in no danger. My yacht is a



AERT VAN DER NEER. ON THE ICE NEAR A TOWN. STATE MUS. AMSTERDAM.

steady craft—and it is only a gust of wind.” “Make a polder of this lake!” I exclaimed. “How happy Jan Leeghwater would have been, if he had lived to see that!” he cried, adding in answer to my question who he was. “Do you not know Jan Adriaensz? They say he called himself Leeghwater (= empty water) because he had helped to drain so many sheets of water and convert them into fruitful fields. He was an extraordinary man in many ways—in the first place an able hydraulic engineer, besides being a land surveyor, millwright, bricklayer, and diver. The capabilities of this simple North-Hollander were appreciated far beyond the limits of Holland. Well, he was also the first to make a well-weighed plan—with maps and calculations—for filling up this lake. Wait a minute,” and the old gentleman gave the rudder to Jan Maertensz., dived into the little cabin, and brought forth a booklet bound in parchment, which he handed over to me. “Here you have his book on the Haarlemmermeer.”



L. BAKHUYSEN. VIEW OF EGMONT AAN ZEE. STATE MUSEUM AMSTERDAM.

I opened it. On the title-page was the date 1642. On perusing it I saw that it was prefaced by all sorts of testimonies written by trustworthy people regarding the encroachment of the water on all sides. That this was an important matter we, his descendants, can still better understand when reading in a calculation made about 1830—'40 how, in a period of three centuries, the size of the lake had increased from 6000 acres to 15000 acres. It was not until the time this calculation was made that a complete draining of the lake was seriously considered, and in the end undertaken. Leeghwater helped to build dykes round another polder, the Beemster, situated in North-Holland, the largest with the exception of the Haarlemmermeer. As an English writer says, the wind which rushes so boisterously and arrogantly into flat Holland is not the same when leaving the country on the other side. For before getting thus far, hundreds of windmills have seized it with their gigantic arms, and the Hollander does not let it progress on its way, before it has done its utmost to turn them all. In this way it had to pump an enormous volume of water in the XVIIth century—and



J. VAN GOYEN. THE VALKHOF AT NYMEGEN. STATE MUSEUM AMSTERDAM.

on its journey it ran against far more windmill sails than it does now—in those days windmills being made use of for all sorts of industrial purposes. In the beginning of the XVIIth century more than half of Holland consisted of water. When the Eighty-years' war began, the Hollanders had not only to protect the country from their enemies, but had still to wrest a great portion of it from the waters. Our partiality for reclaiming land still survives in those daring men who now want to drain the great inland sea, the Zuyderzee! I had closed my book and looked around—the town with St. Bavo's Church lay before us. After a hearty leave-taking from our friend, and a mutually expressed desire to meet again, we found good lodging within Haarlem's ramparts in the tavern "The Crowned Stork". The next day was Sunday. ☀ We stood in the market-place near ST. BAVO'S CHURCH. The deep notes of the organ broke upon the peaceful morning splendour. My eyes dwelt for a moment on the picturesque gabled front of the BUTCHERS' HALL, built by Lieven de Key; I saw the TOWN HALL—nowadays the abode of FRANS HALS' masterly paintings. "Let us leave the town", I proposed, and we went. ☀ We looked down on the little village of Overveen—where the well-to-do inhabitants of Amsterdam had



JAN STEEN † 1679. PEASANTS' MERRY-MAKING MAURITSHUIS, THE HAGUE.

their costly linen washed and bleached—and in the far distance lay Haarlem, dominated by great St. Bavo's, standing in the centre like a guardian in shining armour. And over there, what was that glittering behind, and south of the town? The lake, the Haarlemmermeer! And yonder to the north? The Y, the wide water which nowadays has also been converted into a large, fertile plain, but at that time still ate into the sand of Holland's dune line. I turned round—a blue strip over the undulation of the golden dunes. Was it the sky, or? It was the sea! Water, water, wherever we go! AMSTERDAM! the heart of Holland, a world of beauty rises before me when hearing that name mentioned. In our days I consider Amsterdam one of the most beautiful towns on the Continent; but XVIIth century Amsterdam surpasses them all. The town which, as one of her greatest inhabitants sang, delightfully opens on the Amstel and the Y, was the first commercial city in Europe. Alas! those words are no longer wholly applicable to the present-day city. It certainly still ranks with the foremost merchant towns, and is as such larger than Rotterdam, which excels through its shipping traffic. Do not think, however, of its commerce, but of the

construction of the town—it does not unroll itself on the Y so grandly as it formerly did with its towers and forests of masts. At the time when Holland was not thoroughly awake from her long sleep after the battle of Waterloo, commercial interests (may I say misguided interests?) counted before those of local beauty—indeed, her eyes were not yet quite open, for with unparalleled exertions an island was made in the water; whole sand dunes were dumped into the waves of the Y, and on that island was erected a railway station—the Central Station built by the architect who has opened a new era in Dutch architecture, Jos. Cuypers, the same that designed the State Museum. The part with which he has had most success is the roof. To the dreamer of olden time it is, however, a disfiguring blot. For from the Y he can see nothing of the town, while looking from the town side, the water once so wide and full of sailing craft, is entirely shut away from view. So when towards the afternoon we had entered through the Haarlem gate, and walked through the streets where nearly every house had a stone let into the front with its own peculiar inscription, we came to the quay along the Y, where we saw nothing but water and on the other side at a great distance the province of North-Holland—almost isolated from the world. Beyond lay ZAANDAM and the Zaan district where the shipbuilding was carried on that kept the enormous merchant fleet in existence. The timber and wood-sawing trades were the chief industries there, and hundreds of windmills flung their whirling arms aloft. We presently found ourselves in the old town. I cannot tell you precisely what streets we passed through; moreover it matters little. Intersected as it is by canals, Amsterdam is an archipelago of small islands, connected with each other by hundreds of bridges. The principal canals all flow into the Y. In Jan Maertensz.'s days they were shut off from it by locks. At that time the Y, still untamed and in direct communication with the Zuyderzee, could be extremely rough. Owing to all these locks the outer side of the town presented a much more striking aspect than it does now. Close by was the old part of the town with oh, such narrow streets and tall houses—so closely united, so characteristic! The Damrak, a moving mass of small cargo and fishing-boats—the water reached as far as the Dam, and the handsome New Exchange, built there in our time by H. P. Berlage, stands on drained ground. Further, in the DAM Square, that heavy architecture of JACOB VAN CAMPEN's grand building, the TOWN-HALL, resting on, can you tell me how many? piles, driven into the marshy soil. It had not yet attained that mellow beauty that Time alone can give—nor had it yet been converted into a ROYAL PALACE. Beside it the splendid NEW CHURCH, where lie the remains of Holland's greatest admiral, de Ruyter, and its greatest poet, Vondel. And, facing the fish-market at the end of the Damrak, stood the Old Exchange with its back to the water of the Rokin. What a crowd in the courtyard after the bell had sounded, and what a multitude of unusual figures in long robes, from the North,



JAN STEEN † 1679. ST. NICHOLAS-MORNING. STATE MUSEUM AMSTERDAM.

or the Levant, and Asia, or from other parts. Surely Rembrandt's fantastic figures were to a great extent copies of living people he saw walking in the



M. HOBEMEA † 1709. VIEW OF MIDDLEHARNIS. LONDON. NATIONAL GALLERY.

streets, or in the courtyard of the Exchange. All those old, quiet, shady canals, some of them coming out so unexpectedly, in snug little squares, as for instance close by the beautiful OLD CHURCH. The Nieuwmarkt, near St.-Anthony's Weigh-House with its pretty turrets, now often the scene of a busy market. REMBRANDT's HOUSE, standing so empty and deserted, still gives you a fairly good idea of the interior, and enables you to enjoy his beautiful etchings. The KALVERSTRAAT, where lived many art-dealers and where could be bought engravings of Amsterdam's buildings, canals, and squares. The houses of the East and West India Companies; the many charitable institutions, as orphanages, hospitals, almshouses, and all those beautiful churches; the merchants' houses on the three large canals—oh, I could easily fill a book in describing all this. But you had better come and see it for yourself, dear stranger! The pictures I have selected for you will give you a faithful idea of the picturesqueness of the town, which is still just the same as is shown in them. One thing was strange—the Heerengracht, then newly constructed, WITHOUT the magnificent trees now standing on either side. If you should



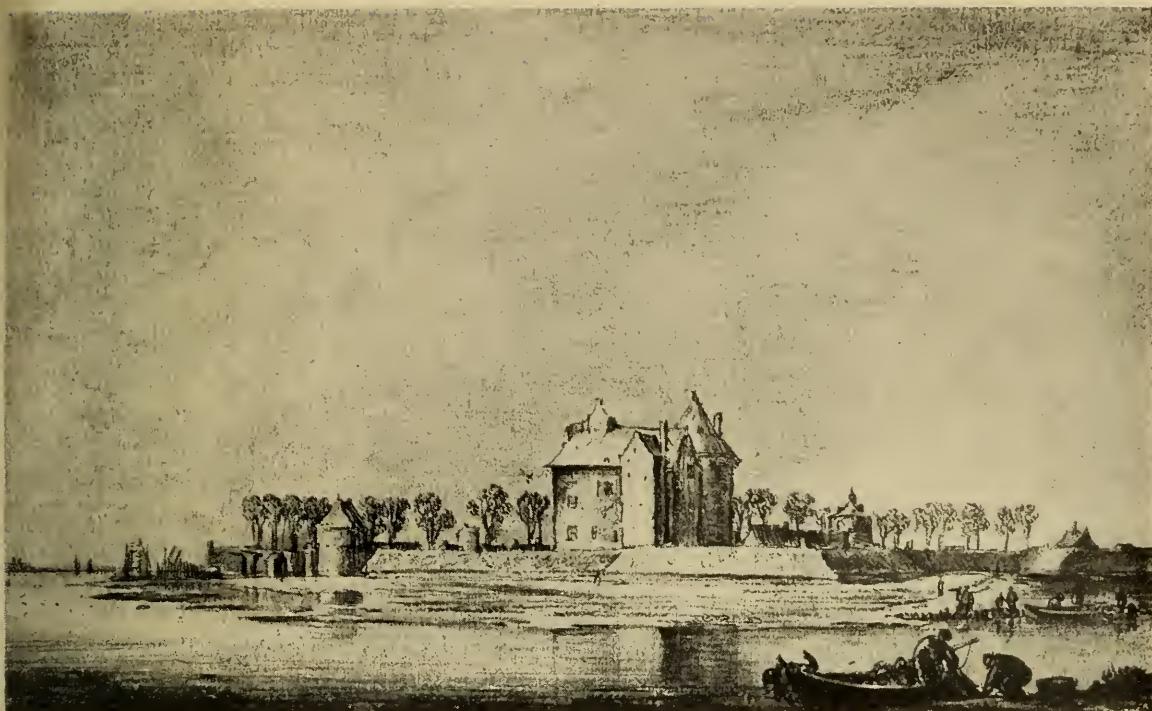
AERT VAN DER NEER † 1677. MOONSHINE. STATE MUSEUM AMSTERDAM.

ever visit this town, do not omit viewing the fine canals constructed like a threefold costly girdle round XVIIth century Amsterdam. Everything lying farther away from the centre is of a later date. I shall not dwell upon all this any longer, except to just mention one name that of the town's sculptor, HENDRIK DE KEYSER, of whose industry and talent examples abound everywhere. His last and best work was the Westerkerk (West Church), whose slender steeple is surmounted by the Imperial Crown which the town, in accordance with an old privilege, was entitled to bear over its coat of arms. And the church clock was made at the same time by my friend Leeghwater of whom I told you before. Jan Maertensz. walking briskly at my side, I moved through the crowded streets, and along the quays where barges were being unloaded or piled up with heavy bales which, like gigantic spiders glided down ropes from the high warehouses, or crawled upwards to them. At the top of many an Amsterdam house front you can see the short beam protrude to which this rope is attached. All this passed before my dream gaze. A sensation came to me that I was taking part in a game—as if the town was made of toy-houses



J. v. RUISDAEL (ATTRIBUTED). LANDSCAPE WITH AN "OVERTOOM". STATE MUS.

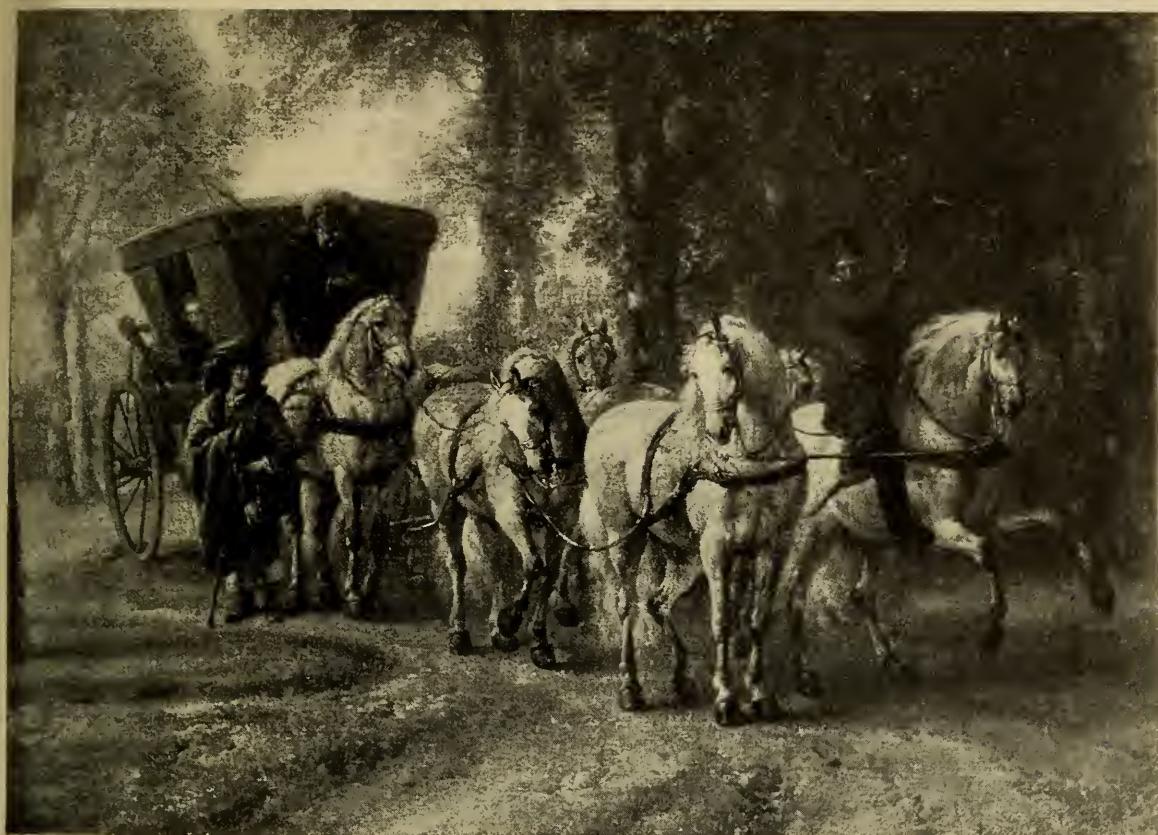
into which I looked from above. But then the face of Jan Maertensz. was again turned to me, and I walked on at his side—and he kept planting his stick on the ground with the same energetic assurance. Then I saw yellow leaves whirling along the streets. They drifted into the dark waters of the dreamy canals, which were becoming bare and deserted now that autumn was snatching from them their green and shadow-giving garlands. A feeling of fear that the beauty I had gazed upon would vanish from before my eyes, began to creep over me, but I had no time to yield to that feeling, because suddenly the old gentleman of the yacht appeared before us, talking and laughing with great vivacity. He invited us to spend the evening with him—a few foreign gentlemen were coming, but this was no drawback. No, no, we should be most pleased to come. And so it came to pass that at dusk we ascended the high flight of steps of a tall and narrow merchant's house which, alongside the canal, craned its neck as it were high above the trees to look out over the walls into the wide world, and Jan Maertensz. rather heavily thumped the door-knocker. A maid-servant cautiously opened first the upper half of the door, and, when we had given our names, the lower one. And hardly had the gate of the



AELBERT CUYP †1691. THE CASTLE OF LOEVESTEIN. PRINTROOM AMSTERDAM.

merchant's castle been shut behind us when, from the darkened recess at the end of the dimly lighted marble corridor, emerged the white wig and the strong and burly figure of our host, and soon we were seated with the lady of the house in a small parlour in heavy arm-chairs. Leaning comfortably against the flowered velvet back, while Jan Maertensz. was chatting with the hostess—our host had left us for a minute—I looked around.  We were in a high, narrow apartment hung on both sides with striped and flowered curtains, one of which I supposed, hid a deep window with a seat, overlooking a yard of small dimensions; the other, a broad door-way separating this room from the one looking out on the canal. On the walls of embossed and gilded leather, tinted in grey, white, and pink, were hung some large family portraits, whose antique costumes with ruffs—worn in times long past—obviously dated from the first half of the century. In various places were suspended chandeliers with three candles, between two of which hung a small mirror set in a heavy dark frame wonderfully carved. My glance, wandering to the dark ceiling, was arrested by a painting over the mantel-piece, depicting a view of the town on the Y, and some allegorical figures: Mercury enthroned on bales and cases, no doubt filled with Indian wares. And the classical God of Commerce looked so comfortable as if he intended to stay there for good, lay down his staff with the

coiling serpents, exchange his winged shoes for a pair of slippers, and retire on his means in Amsterdam—not such a bad choice either. In the grate lay smouldering a neatly piled-up peat-fire, so that I could only partly see its cast iron back and the blue and yellow tiles round it. In a corner stood a heavy oak cupboard, from which emanated a strong scent of lavender. All this was enveloped in the soft warm light of the twelve large tallow candles, with their restless tongues of flame flickering whenever the door was opened. And this occurred not unfrequently. First appeared two Englishmen, bringing a wave of cold air from outdoors into the warm room. One had a mocking face—the other... I have forgotten. Next entered a Frenchman. Did I know Monsieur de Parival? asked our host. "Certainly", said I, and he laughed off his astonishment, and shook hands in a friendly manner. Everybody talked at once and there was a funny babel of languages in the circle of chairs round the fireplace—where the manservant had laid logs of wood on the half burnt turfs. They crackled and threw out sparks, fantastically lighting up those sitting around, whose laughing and talking filled the room with a noise for which it seemed too small. The hostess asked us to go to the larger room which, situated at the back of every house of any account in Amsterdam is the pride of the occupants and is only opened on special occasions—the stateroom. Here a table spread with a tasty supper awaited us. On fine damask interwoven with patterns, stood Delft plates and magnificent pale green glasses, ready for the sparkling wine. We took our seats and ate, and drank, and talked more and more vivaciously, and, as was to be expected, among other things also about the country. When the peat-fire was stirred up by the manservant, one of the English gentlemen remarked, "Holland is a queer country—the elements are at war with each other, for the fire consumes the earth and the air the water." "What do you mean?" I asked. "Well, you burn the ground," pointing to the peat-fire, "and the ground you drain by windmills." The amused company commented boisterously on this witticism. After a pause, the other Englishman praised the town. As you know, in those days Holland was the mightiest, the all dominating of the Seven Provinces, the only one that was prospering and abounding in riches—and the centre, the essence of it all, was Amsterdam. "Is there anything in the Universe that you do not see in Holland? Or in Holland that is not to be found in Amsterdam? Both have everything within a small compass", exclaimed the gentleman enthusiastically. "That used to be so in former times", I answered. "In former times? What do you mean?" he asked in astonishment. Before I had time to realise what I was saying, the first speaker chimed in, "In this country the ordinary beasts of burden are of wood, their reins are attached to their tails, and their burdens are in their insides". This description of the barges made Jan Maertensz. shake with laughter in his chair. "Seriously, what do you think of our barge service?" asked our host. "It is wonderful indeed", he answered. "The whole country is a garden", said the



PH. WOUWERMAN 1619—1668. A COACH (fragment). MAURITSHUIS, THE HAGUE.

first Englishman. "It is well-known that Dutch gardens are thought so much of in my country", said the other, "that the custom of clipping yew and box-trees has been carried to excess." "And you know that Holland as early as the XVIth century ranked foremost in the art of gardening, and became the market for all sorts of plants", said I. Passing from one topic to another, the conversation turned to social questions and the general freedom of thought and speech which existed to a great degree in Amsterdam. "The best thing of all", said Monsieur de Parival, "is in my opinion the personal freedom that you value so much. Women have as much freedom as men, and you are not allowed to beat them, any more than your manservant or maid". Really, I thought, you seem to be accustomed to a different state of affairs. "It is wonderful", he remarked a moment later, "what pleasure and pride Dutch women take in keeping their houses clean and tidy". "Yes", interrupted the wag, "and everything shines here as if inlaid with diamonds, and the door-knocker and the bell-handle glitter as if rust could not affect metal here. And the floor you are only allowed to walk on in your stockings, and woe betide you if you spit on it". "Spit on

it?" exclaimed the hostess horrified, shaking her finger at him," and you were the one who said the other day that we Dutch were born before good manners existed on earth." "In any case, Madam, you are of a very old race," he said laughing. I expected some allusion to Eve and her charms, but it turned out otherwise. "No doubt it was your race Solomon meant", he continued, "when he said that about those small creatures". "Go on please! Which creatures, Sir? What did he say?" several voices exclaimed at the same time, as he stopped for a moment. "Well", he said, "Solomon mentions four things as being small, but full of wisdom: the ant, the rabbit, the locust, and the spider. The Dutch are the ants of the world. Possessing nothing but what the grass gives them, their country is notwithstanding the mart for all merchandise of the whole Christian world. The towns are their ants' nests where they go in and out (he meant in barges) so as to provide themselves with food. In their dwellings they are real rabbits, ever burrowing in the ground, with this difference that the rabbits alluded to in the Book of Proverbs find the rocks, while the Hollanders make them. They raise them up from the waves of the Beemster. There where once their ships cleaved the trackless waters, the peaceful plough now cleaves the fertile earth. They are locusts with regard to war, inasmuch as there is no country in Europe that can furnish a better school for learning the art of war than Holland. As manufacturers they are spiders, and they live in palatial mansions. Their merchants are the first of the world (with a bow to the host). Where is the country that they have not penetrated, that they have not dissected, of which they have not found the inner veins? Into everything they do, they put every ounce of energy they have in their bodies." We had listened to all this with ever increasing gaiety, and laughing heartily, we raised our glasses to drink to this fine oration. All at once I was seized with a strange dizziness, the room and the lively faces with their expressions of joyous hilarity became blurred. I made a last effort to say something to Jan Maertensz. For a moment it was as if they were all talking from a distance, then a ray of bright daylight fell across me—and still laughing I awoke. It was but a dream,

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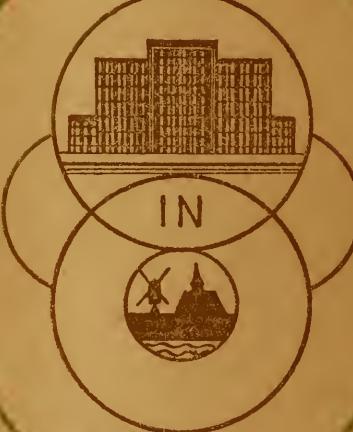
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